

Security Team Delta

by TheShiznokiller

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-05-11 02:18:04

Updated: 2007-05-14 23:30:09

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:15:17

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,722

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Follow Sergeant Patrick McCarty as he and his team clear fight boarders off on the UNSC Halcyon Class Crusier, The Column of Summer. Be advised, contains coarse language. Please Review.

1. The Wind Doesn't Blow

SECTION 1

REACH

CHAPTER

ONE

"â€|THE WIND DOESN'T BLOWâ€|"

0600 HOURS, AUGUST 30, 2552 (MILITARY CALENDAR)\ EPSILON ERIDANI SYSTEM, PLANET REACH \ MID-ORBIT OVER PLANET, UNSC HALCYON CLASS CRUISER, THE COLUMN OF SUMMER

All hell was breaking loose; that morning I woke up with a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach, the pain in my shoulder's wound flaring. Now Reach was being attacked by the Covenant; we just took a hit to our port side.

The impact bashed me against a bulk-head. As I regained consciousness, I could feel something pulling me slowly to one side, it felt like wind, my hearing came back first, once the ringing in my ears stopped, I could hear the ship's klaxon and I remembered where I was; the computers voice came over the intercom:

"_Decompression on deck 4, sections 5-9; emergency bulk-heads activated, sealing compromised sections."_

My vision cleared and I could see the flashing red lights. I realized

it was the vacuum of space from the gaping hole in the ship pulling me over towards the section 5 entrance. I looked up and saw Kristen, Morgan, Brandon, Olivia, Will, Kevin, and Adam, about a third of my platoon, being sealed behind the heavy emergency door to the crew quarters, suffocating.

The artificial gravity was still active, so I pulled my self up, and walked up to Pvt. Newt, and helped him up, he got knocked-out when he hit the wall.

"Sir," he said, as I was waking him from unconsciousness, "Sir, am I dead?"

"No private, you're not dead, not yet."

"We have to go back to helpâ€¦"

"No, we don't."

"But I don't see Will andâ€¦"

"They're dead; we have to continue without them." I hefted the private on to his feet, then he passed out in my arms and I set him down. Then turned to Sergeant Anders who walked up to help me, "Anders, where's Sgt. Gibbs?"

"Dead sir," Anders replied, "along with about third of your squad, and half of mine."

"Hey Patty, I think I should have stayed home in bed today" said Hudson, sarcastically.

"Now's not the appropriate time, Corporal, and stop calling me 'Patty'," I said turning to Anders, "and what about Lieutenant Larson?"

"He is alive, sir, but unresponsive," shouted Corporal Stevens, the platoon's medic, from the other side of the passage, "I think he's comatose."

"Shit, that puts me as commanding officer thenâ€¦ I'm taking command, Stevens, count the dead; Anders you are now first squad's temporary squad leader, Hudson, you get the privilege of becoming second squad's leader."

"Gee wiz Patty," Hudson said, even more sarcastically. "Are you sure you want to give this to me, isn't this something you can do, since you're so responsible and such?"

"Not now Hudson, I'm now acting platoon sergeant, and I have rank, so stop calling me 'Patty'! Stevens, what's the body count?"

"About a third of the platoon is behind that sealed door, and 3 people here need to be taken to the infirmary, everybody else just has minor injuries."

"Were moving out to the infirmary then, walking carry the wounded, lets move it people."

Then Capitan's voice came over the intercom: "_All personnel prepare

for boarding action!"_

"Fuck!" yelled a frustrated, wounded Hollister, "it never ends."

"We're moving out in defensive fire patterns, minor wounded not carrying someone in the front and back for safety, seriously wounded in the middle, we're securing this part of the ship to the infirmary, and then we'll do our assigned patrol route. Hudson, your ass is with me as point. Newt, watch our ass."

"Hey Hollister, at least _you_ don't have to do point with McCarty," grunted Hudson as he walked by the wounded marine, semi-sarcastically.

We began moving down the passageway, checking every adjacent door, hall, and room, explosions would rock the ship ever so slightly. Two minutes passed of tedious wandering. No covenant. I turned a corner and a pair of jackals fired at my head. I rolled, and fired down low, hitting their legs. Then I swept high as the wounded jackals stumbled from the pain in their feet, hitting them in their heads and torsos.

Hudson just stared at me as I got up and tried to wipe off the drying alien blood soaking into my B.D.U.s.

"_Wow_, Sarge, that was, that was cool."

"What happened Hudson? I thought I told you to watch my back, not just to stare." I asked Hudson, pissed off.

"Hey, I was _watching_, just from afar," Hudson replied, wounded egotistically. "I just saw that you had everything under control. Where'd you learn to do that anyways?"

"Learn what? The roll & shoot thing? I saw a Spartan do it once, but there was a lot more jackals. Their shields don't cover their legs."

"Yeah butâ€¦ never mind. Next you'll be shooting grenades out of the air."

"Now that would be cool," commented Anders as he walked up to the scene, semi-sarcastically, as several wows went threw the platoon as they tried to conceive what just happened.

"We need to get moving, Hudson, check the bodies for something useful, Anders, collect those shields, we might need them."

Anders walked up to me with a jackal shield in one hand, and old Sergeant Gibbs's shotgun in the other. "Since you're the new Sarge, you get this," he said and handed me Gibbs's shotgun, _Lucky_.

"Thanks," I said, as I inspected the Celtic inscriptions covering the stock of the weapon. They were engraved in with a knife, and then painted over in olive-green giving it an artistic flavor.

Anders, Hudson, and I strapped the alien shields on our arms, then we passed out the plasma grenades and those weird alien pistols, then

proceeded on threw the ship. We occasionally got pulled to one side by our inertia, as the ship turned in space combat, otherwise we forgot what was happening in the outside world.

2. Spamalot!

CHAPTER

TWO

"SPAMALOT"

0615 HOURS, AUGUST 30, 2552 (MILITARY CALENDAR)\ EPSILON ERIDANI SYSTEM, PLANET REACH \ MID-ORBIT OVER PLANET, UNSC HALCYON CLASS CRUISER, THE COLUMN OF SUMMER

I checked my mission timer; it's been about fifteen minutes since the space battle began. We finally got to the final passageway to the infirmary; when a trigger happy dumb-ass fired a round at Hudson, as he rounded the corner, bouncing off his helmet, and knocking him to the ground.

"What the fuck man! WHAT THE FUCK!" Hudson yelled as he was getting up. "I was just bringing injured guys to the infirmary. I didn't want to become one!"

"Sorry! I saw your shield thing, and reacted." the sailor yelled, peeking up from behind a barrier.

Stevens instructed a couple of sailors to help our guys move our wounded into the infirmary. Then another small group of marines walked up with some guy that looked like he'd been deep-fried like a chicken, with all the plasma burns. I was surprised that he would be still alive.

"You guys fire team bravo?" I asked.

"We're what's left of itâ€|" their squad leader began.

"You're joining my squad," I cut in. "We lost some people on deck four."

"Gotcha, we did too," he replied, his voice trailing off in thought.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Corporal David Randolph," he replied, turning his attention from his wounded squad mate to me. "These are Privates Terry Gilliam, Terry Jones, Graham Chapman, Jonathan Cleese, Eric Idle, and Michael Palin." He continued, introducing his surviving members of his squad.

"Welcome to the court of Camelot," Hudson said greeting our newest members. "I sure hope your indefatigable, cause in this platoon you have to be tough and able."

Anders cut in, "Yeah Hudson, I'll be Lancelot, Newt can be Sir Galahad, and you can be Sir Robin!"

"Fuck you!" Hudson replied, insulted. "There's NO WAY IN HELL I'm going to be Sir Robin, no way in hell."

"Then be his minstrels," Randolph suggested with a smile.

"Real funny," Hudson said sarcastically.

"I love this guy already!" Anders cut-in padding Randolph on the shoulder.

Then I heard a distinctive set of squeals and barks. I flashed a hand signal, and everybody brought their guns up, and pointed at the source of the sounds, five grunts came around the corner.

Both sides opened fire, two grunts fell immediately. A plasma bolt came at my face, so I used my rifle to shield me from the intense, which melted my firearm. Then I pulled out my M6 as I saw one of those little bastards activate a plasma grenade.

My reflexes kicked in, I fired at the glowing blue blob of light before it was even two feet from its thrower. It exploded, killing the remaining grunts.

"Wow, Sarge, now _that_ _was_ cool." Hudson commented.

"Huh? I thought you just called me 'Sarge', twice now." I blurted out as I assessed the damage of my rifle. Part of it was still glowing red with the heat.

"I did, Sarge." Hudson replied plainly.

"But I'm not the Sergeant."

"No, but you're acting Sergeant aren't you?"

"Yeah, but I don't seeâ€|"

"And we called the Sergeant, 'Sarge', and he's dead, and since you're taking his position, you inherit his title, plus it sounds kick-ass, and apparently you are kick-ass."

"Yeah," Randolph said enthusiastically, after seeing me in action for the first time.

"Hey Hudson, Anders broke in, "remember your comment about Sarge shooting grenades, 50 bucks says he'll do the next thing you'll say next."

"Your on, 50 bucks?" Hudson asked.

"Yep 50," Anders replied.

"Then I say he will fly hundreds of feet through space like Hot-BUT NOT SPICY-Man."

"I'm in," said Randolph, "I think this guy might try something like this, and I want to get some dough if he does."

"Come on, let's move out, the longer we wait, the closer it will be

to when the Covenant find Earth," I said, and gave out instructions to the new guys.

End
file.